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THE CRESCENT

DECEMBER

1905

NEWBERG, OREGON.

VOL. XVII

NO. 2

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PACIFIC COLLEGE FOOTBALL SQUAD, 1905.

THE CRESCENT.

VOL. XVII.

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After-Thoughts of the Lewis and Clark Fair.

Old Oregon's Centennial Exposition has come and gone. That event to which people of the Northwest and even the East had looked forward with such pleasurable anticipation is a matter of history, and already comes the slogan, "To Jamestown in 1907."

Portland, the Rose City in all its beauty, with its surrounding verdure-clad mountain heights, its "beautiful Willamette," and distant snow-capped sentinels, was an attraction in itself. The Fair, from the standpoint of exhibits, was a liberal education. The national conferences held were uplifting. The great musical attractions were notable.

But what was of greater interest than that surging mass of humanity which furnishes at once both diversion and character study for the Fair visitor? Tired out with sight seeing he wanders aimlessly through the buildings, near the summer gardens, the rustic stairway or along the trail, just to "see the people." He does not have to wait long to begin his study for from a distant building comes the cry, "Free exhibition just beginning!" Wandering in the direction of the call his eyes rest on the name, "National Cash Register." He takes a seat in the rear of the building and the exhibition begins. Describing what is represented on the canvass, the lecturer abbreviates by using the letters N. C. R. A Missouri farmer asks the man sitting in the rear seat "What does this N. C. R. stand for, North Carolina Railway?" The audience sings America and the man

who is studying human nature passes into the Foreign Exhibits building.

Such a dazzle as meets his eyes! There is jewelry enough to supply a dozen queens of the cannibal islands. A smiling school girl with rosy cheeks and laughing eyes passes a table, the foreigner in charge informing her that on that particular day he will sell her that diamond (?) ring for one dollar. She takes it, not knowing that the brilliant stone should be on the cut glass counter.

Tired of the glare of cheap jewelry the wanderer goes to the Agricultural building where he can rest his eyes on Oregon apples, potatoes and onions. These are the real thing—there is no sham here. Just across the booth is the man from the country who volunteers the suggestion that he has larger potatoes than that in his own patch. This is a comforting thought to the man in charge of the booth and he informs the farmer that he might bring in his potatoes.

Here comes a string of girls. The booth men know them. It is not the souvenir postal or spoon craze which has seized them, but the sofa pillow craze. One young lady, a trifle bolder than the rest coaxingly asks: "Have you any badges to give away to-day? We are getting a collection for pillows."

Just now the wanderer feels some one brush against him so vigorously as almost to set him off his feet. Behind the man is a small urchin grabbing a sack of peanuts in one hand and a shrieking toy whistle in the other. The youngster stops long enough at the booth to ask if they have any cookies to give away. The man in the booth explains that this is the man who is seeing the Fair in one day. He has promised to meet

his wife at the Oregon building at twelve o'clock and it is now twelve thirty!

Next the wanderer wends his way to the Igorotte Village where the "spieler" invites him to see the Igorottes, "those wild and savage people." The natives are just having the noon meal which is principally in one course. Some unlucky canine has fallen into the hands of the savages and as a result a stew, good enough for company, is served. The visitor finds that this interesting people is not so wild as represented. Some of them have a slight knowledge of the English language as he discovers by asking one of the youths about the dog meat, who replies "It's fine and dandy."

It is with difficulty that the visitor tears himself away from this happy group of savages, but hearing the din of the trail he at last wanders on through, stopping to see Trixie, the educated horse, and to hear the wild man send forth a melodious "Ah haa!" Here he again notices the man who is seeing the fair in one day. The line of march is as before but for a slight slack in speed. The small boy is still in the rear, the peanuts have disappeared but in their place is a bag of popcorn.

The wanderer saunters on through the Trail and near the bridge he hears a voice calling out "Step this way and fool the guesser; your correct weight given within three pounds or your money back." An old lady of great avoirdupois and with a lunch basket on each arm meekly places herself at the mercy of the guesser. He glances at the petite figure, stares off into vacancy and finally says, "I'll guess you at 203 pounds." Complacently seating herself the scales point to 202 pounds and the old lady thinking there is some

trickery about it pays her ten cents. She just knows that the scales in Jones' grocery at home are right and her correct weight is 185 pounds.

The visitor, awearied with sight seeing, strolls around to the grand terrace, finds a shady resting place near the grand band stand and is lulled by the seductive notes of Madame Nane Alapai, the Hawaiian nightingale. But just as you are being soothed to sleep by the charming melody of the Hawaiian folk song, the din of the streets of Cario breaks in upon your ears, supported by a loud "a ha-a" from the wild man and you move on to the auditorium where Sig. Ferullo, the Italian bandmaster is tying himself into sundry bow knots and administering a chastisement upon the unoffending atmosphere.

There is one character that the passerby cannot avoid—the man who sells "colored glasses, the only protection for the eyes." Morning, noon and night, on bright days and days when the sun never ventures out to pay his respects to the Rose City, still you are reminded that you need this protection for the eyes.

Two women are conversing together near one of the buildings. The first lady notices the dates "1805-1905." She asks the second lady in regard to their significance and receives the answer, "I think that they may have something to do with two men they call Lewis and Clark." The ladies wore badges, "Watch Tacoma Grow!"

It is Baby Day at the great fair. All the uncles, aunts and cousins have come to see that the baby makes a good showing. In their own minds the fond parents already have the prize awarded so there is really is no use for judges. Here is a small red faced tot whose features of beauty would hardly be noticed.

He is being hauled over the ground in a go-cart at a rapid rate when suddenly from some unforeseen reason baby and all are dumped out in the dirt, only to be picked up and taken on their way rejoicing. The infants are lined up for exhibition. One youngster comes from a modest family and not enjoying notoriety he states his views in no uncertain tone of voice. The prizes are awarded and the happy, red faced baby is trundled off home. There is nothing blue about him to signify a first prize except a fond papa and mamma who are exceedingly depressed.

All this and more was to be seen and heard by the Fair visitor in one day. On returning to the hotel he hears of the tenderfoot who, seeing the snow capped peak of Mt. Hood in the distance, started to the mountain for "just a little walk before breakfast." Another tourist, intelligent enough in appearance, arrived on the evening train, registered at a hotel and actually started out for a little stroll on the sea shore before bedtime!

The last great day arrives and all nature, mourning the passing of the "dream city," weeps. But throughout the day, despite the falling rain, visitors throng the grounds for one last impression of the white city by the lake. Evening draws on and nature refuses to be comforted. For the last time the palaces, the bridge of nations, the limpid waters, centennial park, stand forth in grand, impressive illumination. The curtain is about to be drawn. Ellery's Italians are rendering the final masterpiece. The last measure has been reached. One last triumph of symphony, prolonged by the upraised face, the outstretched arms of Sig. Ferullo. Down comes his baton. "And the evening and the morning were the last day."

BERNICE WOODWARD, '06.

Pacific University vs. Pacific College.

The first match football game to be played on the local athletic field for several years, was played Saturday, October 28, between the local team and the eleven from Pacific University, resulting in a 5 to 0 victory for the home team.

Stinging from the many defeats received at the hands of the P. U. team in former years, the college boys went into the game with a determined aim and after the first few minutes of play, the doubting ones were few, and every one joined in the chorus and helped cheer the local team to victory. Nelson, our guard, was used as a battering ram and never failed to make his yardage through the opponents' line. Soon after, Nelson was called back, presumably for a line buck, but instead, W. Pemberton, our quarter, had made an end run and succeeded in getting loose for the only touchdown of the game.

But one time was P. C.'s goal in danger, and at no time was the final outcome in doubt. The University team was allowed the ball but three times and made their yardage but once, and but for the poor generalship of the locals, the score would have been much greater. The lineup was as follows:

Pacific College

C. J. Hoskins	C
Lewis Saunders	R G
Bob Nelson	L G
Merlin Rice	R T
Huber Haworth	L T
Arthur Wilson	R E
Walter Spaulding	L E
W. Pemberton	Q B
Lynn Clough	L H B
Paul Maris	R H B

Pacific University

Jenson
Allen
Garrison
Aller
Lawrence
Fletcher
Boyd
Fernin
Huston
Fletcher

Chester Hodson

F B

Rasmussen

Hugh Nelson, referee; H. Shannon, umpire.

In the evening the girls gave the team a royal reception. Society Hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Toasts, games and original songs by the girls were features of the evening. All report a most enjoyable time.

Columbia University vs. Pacific College.

Although much disappointed over the failure of the McMinnville team to make good, the crowd which gathered at the local athletic field Saturday afternoon, November 4, witnessed as good an exhibition of football as was ever seen on the home field.

Although the home team was defeated by the score of 11 to 0, everyone seemed to be satisfied with the showing of the P. C. boys and from the present outlook a winning team next year is assured! Columbia went into the game sure of a decisive victory, but were taken very much by surprise when, at the beginning of the game, they were backed very rapidly from P. C.'s 5 yard line to the center of the field, but then Columbia's better training came into play and with almost perfect interference Quinlan was put through our line for a 25 yard run, and a touchdown. The remainder of the first half was played in the center of the field.

At the beginning of the second half, it seemed as if Pacific would make a touchdown. By the hard line bucking of Hodson, Nelson and Clough, steady gains were made and Columbia's 5 yard line was reached; then the visitors succeeded in bringing into the game a few well played end runs and in a few minutes the ball was in safe territory, when Moore, of the visitors, got

loose for the second touchdown. Every man on the home team played football, but our team lacked the experience and team work which won the game for the visitors. Hodson, Spaulding and Hoskins were the shining ones, but every man played his position in true style and with the proper interest manifested, next year's team will certainly be a success. The lineup was as follows.

Pacific College		Columbia University
✓ C. J. Hoskins	C	Porter
Lewis Saunders, Re.	R G	Quinn
Bob Nelson	L G	Giusti
Merlin Rice	R T	Quinlan
Huber Haworth	L T	Walsh
Arthur Wilson	R E	St. Thomas
Walter Spaulding	L E	Albright
W. Pemberton	Q B	Secton-Smith
Lynn Clough	L H B	O. Moore
Paul Ma. is	R H B	C. Moore
Chester Hodson	F B	McKay
Hugh Nelson, umpire, McNamee, referee.		

C, M. B. '07.

Athletics.

Football season is about closed and basket ball is in full swing. We made a fair showing in football and next year hope to be heard from in a way that will say, "Look out for Pacific College." This can be accomplished if we begin at the first of the season.

In basket ball we hope to win all games played on the home floor and also part of those played away from home. There are about twenty aspirants for places on the first team. Though the first team is practically picked, there will remain a chance for some of the second men to get a place if they will come out every night and play ball for all there is in them. The first game is with Monmouth, to be played here.

THE CRESCENT.

Published Monthly during the College Year by the Crescent Literary Society

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Once more after its long absence the football spirit has visited Pacific College. The old goal posts which had yielded to the onslaught of time were torn from their covering of grass and weeds and again erected in their proud position at the ends of gridiron. Again a Quaker eleven has dared to do battle for the Old Gold and Navy Blue against a visiting team. And again the campus has re-echoed to the shouts of victory. All this is because Prof. Davis came from the east with a queer idea. Namely, that a college should have a football team. He found considerable difficulty in putting his idea into practice, but perseverance won. Now, although there has not been much accomplished this year, the boys have found themselves out, as Prof. Davis says. The prospects are that the fellows will go into it with enthusiasm another year and that Pacific College will take the place to which her standing en-

titles her in this important line of athletics.

A new organization has been added to those of the college. It is called The Agoreton Club, and its object is to promote the development of public speaking, especially in the line of debating. The meetings are held each Friday evening after the Crescent Literary society is adjourned. Such an organization will fill a long felt want as the absence of interest in debate work has been very noticeable the past few years. The result has been that P. C. has found herself up against the intercollegiate debate without any preparation having been made beforehand. Positions on the team have gone begging, to be taken by whoever wished to assume the responsibility. Moreover the team, after being organized, has been able to obtain very little practice before meeting the experienced debaters of other schools. This year promises better things. Interest is even now considerable and will undoubtedly increase. The prospects are that there will be a strong contest for positions on the team. There is no line of student training which is more practicable than that outlined in the preamble of the constitution.

The students, entering the laboratory a few days ago, were surprised to find Prof. Davis sitting behind a queer looking conglomeration of objects which nearly covered his desk. Upon a closer inspection this mass was found to consist of, well—nearly everything that can be imagined, from apple cores to peanut sacks. Each class was filled with wonder until Prof. Davis in his characteristic way informed them that this was an illustration of what students can do for their campus. All this mass was picked up on the little triangular piece of ground between the walks in front of the build-

ing. Now students let us be just a little more careful. We should have a pride in Pacific College and all connected with it. Put that peanut sack which you are about to throw away in your pocket until you come into range of the waste basket. The next time you approach the college notice the campus and see if it is just as you would like to have it—just as you would like to have your friends and students from other schools see it. If it isn't, why make a new resolution that you will do your little part toward making it so. All that is necessary, is just a little more care and thoughtfulness.

Junta Literary Society.

The Junta has fine prospects before her this coming year. Fifty-six energetic students are entering the literary work with a zeal that is bound to win. Students with never lacking interest are each week rendering such a type of literature that those in the adjoining class rooms must cease reciting and strain every nerve to catch the golden words which fall from the lips of the Junta members. "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever" may be changed into "Societies may come and societies may go but the Junta goes on forever."

Recitations and music were prominent features of the program rendered November 7th. Misses Dana Judd and Beula Spaulding were highly applauded for their success in delivering telling recitations, while our Buttville member can do more in that line than a "feller would think." Come and listen to our programs—we need the help of your interest.

Exchange.

We are glad to see most of our last year's exchanges back again this year and hope those that are not in now will be in yet. It's better late than never. We also wish to welcome to our table some papers that have not been seen there for a year or more.

The Albany College Student and The Nugget are back again after a year of vacation. We are glad to see you back. The Nugget is especially good.

The Record from Sioux City is a neat little paper and contains some interesting stories.

The Lake Breeze is alive and up-to-date with a neat cover.

The Chronicle is a good, lively college paper.

"I'm afraid, Johnny," said the Sunday School teacher rather severely, "that I will never meet you in heaven."

"Why? What you been doing?" was the quick response.—Ex.

They stood beside the river bar,
Beneath the twilight sky;
Above them evening's early stars,
Like diamonds shone on high.

They stood knee deep in clover.
But whispered not of vows,
As silently they lingered there—
Two peaceful Jersey cows.—Ex.

The teacher—"And now, Sammy, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Sammy—"At the bottom."

Police officer—"Use asbestos scenery here?"

Theater manager—"Yes, as-best-as we got."

"We don't want to buy your drygoods—
We don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see us
Going to some other store.

"You can't sell us any sweaters,
Four-in-hand or other fad;
We don't trade at your store
If you won't give us your ad."—Ex.

Local and Personal.

Prepare for dismissal!

"Outweighed but not outplayed."

Bonny Eldridge has returned to school again after some weeks absence.

It has been found best by some not to eat peanuts the first period after chapel.

Mrs. Douglas: "What is the first declension in Latin?" Mr. Wilson: "And."

That smile a certain Junior boy sometimes wears, might be described as "gastromatic."

Ada Branson is a new member of the Junior class. She is from Iowa and was formerly at Penn.

Prof. Davis' classes were given an object lesson one morning this month on how to keep the campus looking neat.

Prof. Davis, Lynn Clough, Paul Maris and Cecil Hoskins took a pleasure drive to McMinnville Sunday the 5th.

Mrs. Douglas, brightly—"It's exceedingly interest-

ing to watch the new friendships being formed during the fall term!"

President, in psychology: "Such misfortunes are in the Seniors' way." Everybody smiles and Lewis' face turns rosy red.

Our new song books have arrived and we are busy trying to learn something new. "Speed Away," revised version, is a favorite.

W. M. in psychology—relating his experiences with spiritualists: "Then she took my hand—O—just for a second." Prexy: "O, not permanently, then?"

Ola and Lucy Mills entertained about twenty-four of their girl friends very pleasantly at their home Saturday evening, November 11. Fruit, popcorn, candy and cake were the bounteous refreshments served.

This fine autumn weather has been conducive to the spirit of jollification. Picnics, tramps and roasts galore have been the order of the day and night time.

One evening after school a crowd tramped part way up the mountain side and round a roaring bonfire told ghost stories, while a worthy member of the faculty sang coon songs such as "Kill 'em did" and "Elisa."

The call of the wild conquered the call of sordid lessons Saturday afternoon when the fog cleared and the sun shone forth brilliantly. So with the song "To the hills, to the hills, to the hills will we go," a merry band traveled topward up Chehalem's picturesque side. And at the summit 'mid the tall dark firs a bonfire they built and around it they gathered and roasted weenies and baked beans, and never to mortal dormitory recluse did eatin's taste so good as that night in the heart of nature on the mountain's top.

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